
JOURNAL

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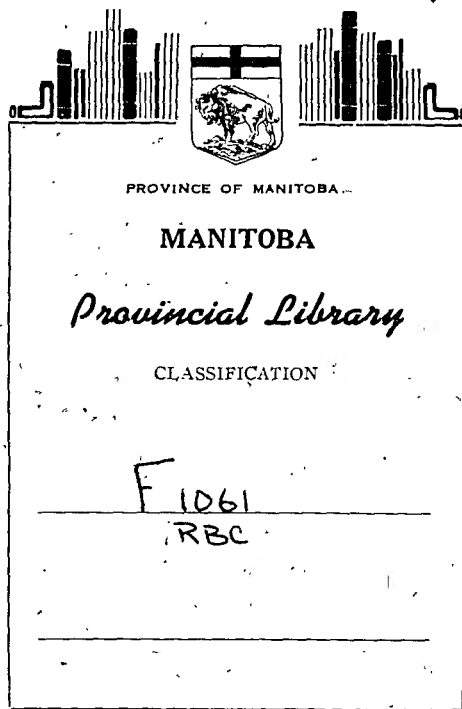
**TRIP TO MANITOBA
AND BACK.**

JUNE AND JULY, 1878.

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**BY H. H. BARNES.**  
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JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO MANITOBA AND BACK.

Hard times in Nova Scotia has caused a great many of our farmers and tradesmen to look around them and endeavour, if possible, to search out some promising land not affected by the present depression which falls on Merchants, Manufacturers, and Tillers of the Soil alike. Some talk of California, and from the Basin of Minas, numbers of people are emigrating to the Golden State. Then we hear of Iowa, Nevada, Nebraska, Minnesota and many other places where Nova Scotians have cast their lot.

In Ontario prevails a tremendous excitement generally known as "the Manitoba fever," and to a lesser degree its influence is felt in Nova Scotia. The Province of Manitoba is the El Dorado of the victims of this disease. Some are under the impression that all they have to do is to apply to the Government and receive free grants of farms of the very best quality for very charge, and so anxious is the Government to settle up the country that certain amount of provisions and a yoke of oxen are to be thrown into the

This delusion was even published as a fact in a certain Halifax paper. However a great many of our countrymen to whom Manitoba is a new region, although affected by the so-called fever, are too cautious to do everything on the result and perhaps lose. To satisfy myself as to the capabilities of the Province and also to gain information for the benefit of a portion of the above class of people, I am about to undertake the journey to the Prairie Province and back. In my own poor way I shall endeavour to keep a journal of the whole trip going and coming, as I intend going via the Western States and returning through the Lakes. This will not be intended for critical eyes, and, if ungrammatical and poorly written, I still hope will be understood and appreciated by the few friends it is intended to benefit. In connection with this I may here mention that one hundred town lots, supposed to be situated in the new town of Emmerson, Manitoba, were sold at auction in Halifax last April, realizing from twenty to sixty dollars per lot. Many persons supposed the whole transaction to be a fraud. However it did not deter the writer and many other dupes from taking the bait. After arranging my business so as to give two or three months time, I first paid a visit to my home in the country and about the first week in June was all ready to start.

My Journal commences:—

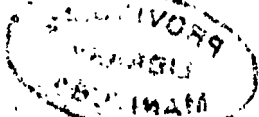
JUNE 10 At 6 P. M. the train for Moncton moved slowly from the Inter-colonial Station at Halifax. A friend on his way to Portland was to be my companion until we separated at Moncton. We had entered the cars half an hour before and were glad to get started. After passing Truro and Londberrry darkness came on. At a rapid rate we passed Amherst, out of Nova Scotia, through Sackville and Dorchester and a little after midnight arrived at Moncton.

JUNE 11. Changed cars at Moncton. I took the train for the North whilst my friend continued on his way towards St John. On boarding the train I stumbled upon a couple of old acquaintances from Five Islands, on their way to California. We should ride together as far as Chicago. Between 2 and 3 o'clock we moved off again toward the Miramichi, and through extensive forests. The air had now grown exceedingly cold, and having no overcoat I



felt it keenly. There must have been frost in this locality for every one on board the train was shivering, there was no fire and no material wherewith to make one. The Miramichi looked smooth as a mirror in the still clear morning, after crossing this river and admiring its beauty our attention was drawn to the prosperous looking villages and farms which line its northern shore. The sun was well up when we arrived at Newcastle. Down the estuary of the river we could see the ships loading lumber, but we had not long to gaze. Off once more we rapidly approached Bathurst and the Bay Chaleur. Along the shores of this Bay we beheld some fine scenery, but undoubtedly the season was much later than in Nova Scotia. The chilly cold air was proof of this and also the fact that the farmers were doing their spring plowing. The Bay soon began to look quite narrow, at its head stood Campbelltown where we arrived in time for a late breakfast. After crossing the Restigouche River, the road for a time follows the course of the Metapedia, famed for its beautiful scenery. For several hours we continued to admire the face of the country, but as we advanced, thick tangled woods, mostly cedars, and bogs and swamps gave the landscape a dreary aspect. At the St Octave station we came in sight of the river St Lawrence. We had ascended a heavy up grade and were now on the top of a mountain. Soon we were rushing down hill towards Rimouski the summer port call for the English mail steamers. Leaving Rimouski the road runs for some time along the south shore of the St Lawrence, this part of the Province of Quebec has a barren, dreary look. The old fashioned French-Canadian houses and barns had a peculiar appearance. I was not favourably impressed by the appearance of the country we passed through, my eyes were chiefly directed to the magnificent scenery on the opposite shores. High mountains rose one above the other till they seemed lost in the clouds. Near Trois Pistoles I easily made out the gap of the Saguenay, which is said to be the deepest river in the world, being nearly one thousand feet deep and flowing between perpendicular bluffs two thousand feet high. At about 5 P. M. we arrived at River Du Loup. The weather all day continued quite cold, a bright sun was shining most of the time but in this northern region seemed almost powerless.

JUNE 12. Last evening the view along the St Lawrence was grand in the clear twilight and darkness came too soon. We arrived at Point Levi during the night and changed to the cars of the Grand Trunk Railway. The end of the Intercolonial line is at River Du Loup (Wolf River) but their cars run on to Point Levi 125 miles farther and directly opposite Quebec. Off again and a new examination of our tickets; everything outside being shrouded in darkness we turned over our seats and endeavoured to get a nap. Early in the morning we were again called to change cars at Richmond Junction. The face of the country had improved wonderfully, and as we advanced we realized that this was a rich part of the Dominion. Between Richmond and Montreal (76 miles) the country is level with peculiar hills rising above the plain like islands in the sea. Beautiful villages mark the line of railroad; of these St Hyacinthe is the best known. This town seems to be fast recovering from the effects of the recent destructive fire which nearly destroyed it. Crossing the Richillieu River and soon after the St Lawrence, through the famous Victoria Bridge we entered Montreal at 8 A. M. Having timed the train when crossing the Bridge I found we were just six minutes from the time we entered the darkness till we emerged into light again, the cars running probably at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Put up at a French Hotel and was rejoiced to get the first good wash and breakfast since leaving Halifax. At 9 30 we were once more on the way



to the west on board the G. T. Express for Detroit. All day we rode through a splendid country, it puzzles me to know how the people of Canada West can leave a country rich and level as this is, where the soil seems to be so good, and the inhabitants prosperous to all appearances, and where plenty of good government land is still to be had for a trifle, timber in any quantity of the best quality. I repeat, it puzzles me to see what the inducements of a far off Western Land, almost uninhabited, timber scarce, and water bad can be to attract this people, yet at every point of importance we take on more or less of them badly smitten with the fever. At Kingston an intelligent carpenter came on board, he had never heard of Halifax and only vaguely of Nova Scotia. Kingston is a neat looking little red brick city, indeed, almost all the Ontario villages we passed through to day, looked pictures of neatness, comfort and prosperity. Such places are Brockville, Belleville, Napanee and Coburg. Before dark we were close by the shores of Lake Ontario and enjoyed looking at the still, smooth waters. Arrived at Port Hope we had a good view of its lighthouses and the blue waters which extended towards the American shore as far as the eye could reach. Imagination pictured it an ocean for at this point it is nearly eighty miles broad. This was a beautiful day, bright sunshine and very warm an agreeable contrast to the shivering cold of the shores of the St. Lawrence.

JUNE 13. Last night about midnight we entered the Union Station at Toronto. The track runs in front of this city, close by the shores of Lake Ontario or more properly speaking, that part of the Lake known as Toronto Bay. As the moon shone brightly we enjoyed a silent panoramic view of the wharves, warehouses and shipping of the city of Toronto. This morning we passed through a rich farming country; the real Garden of Canada; many fine villages are passed, this being that part of the Dominion which exports those splendid Canadian prize cattle, and here lies Guelph, where was raised an ox, said to be the largest known and weighing fully four thousand pounds. At Sarnia the ferry takes the whole train across to Port Huron on the American side of the River St. Clair. Sarnia is a snug little place, it is a rising village and quite a shipping port, many steamers calling here. It is also the head quarters of the North West Company's line of steamers to Duluth. This company runs three first-class steamers through Huron and Superior and many emigrants to Manitoba go by this route. It is somewhat comical to see a railroad train afloat at the mercy of the winds and waves. Below the river widened, ending in Lake St. Clair, and above, plainly to be seen, lay the broad expanse of Lake Huron. In a few moments we were again on the firm ground and having our baggage overhauled by the American officials. From Port Huron to Detroit, the distance is sixty-four miles. We were now in the State of Michigan and rapidly leaving Canadian Territory. Arrived at Detroit at 8 A. M. and at 10 o'clock we found ourselves on board the cars of the Michigan Central R. R. a splendid Line, which whirled us through the fairest portion of Michigan. At Michigan City we came in sight of Lake Michigan. In front of the City lay a huge white sand-bank, formed within the last few years by the waves during northerly gales. In the northern portion of this State are patches of prairie, at present covered with beautiful flowers. I longed to alight and gather some specimens, but of course it was impossible to do so. About 8 P. M. we drew in at the M. C. R. R. Depot at Chicago. Here my Nova Scotian friends and I parted company. From this depot we were transferred across the city in an omnibus to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Depot. What streets we drove through were very fine with imposing buildings, yet there were still to

be seen traces of the great conflagration of 1871. At 9 o'clock we whirled off again into darkness. As we passed slowly through the railway yards, the train shaved close by a high fence, on top of which was straddled a number of young Chicago villains. The night was warm and the car windows all open, through which protruded many a passenger's head, all heads with hats on served as targets for the claws of these street arabs. I noticed one hat directly in front of me clawed off, but luckily it fell inside the car; did not ascertain whether any were really lost or not. This was a species of sharpshooting I had never seen before, and it helps to show that Chicago deserves its well known reputation of being the most wicked city in America, not even excepting New York. At Milwaukee we received on board a number of Canadian emigrants who had crossed Lake Michigan from Grand Haven, two cars were filled with them. As we were all bound the one way, I was not long in opening up a conversation with some of them. One old gentleman had sold his farm in Ontario for \$6 000 and had brought his whole family with him. Another had no less than nine daughters, for whose passage he had to pay \$180. This family were bringing some splendid farm stock with them. Then there were the usual number of birds of passage, here to day and there to-morrow. All trades were represented. Very few of these had a dollar in their pockets and some were actually begging their food as they went along. Still on the whole they were an intelligent and superior class of emigrants. Everybody seemed to be in high expectation, some I fear will be sadly disappointed.

JUNE 14. This morning we were rapidly crossing the some what wild looking State of Wisconsin. I believe this line like our own Intercolonial in Nova Scotia, strictly avoids anything that looks like a settlement, but rather prefers to run where are to be found the Grecian Bends and Folly Mountains, and other crooked places of Wisconsin. Perhaps they had some powerful politician connected with the Company who had some interest in these wilds. Low bushes, scrub trees scattered over the broken and barren looking land. Rocks, hills and gulches are the principal features to be seen, yet, however unfit this region may be for the agriculturalist, it is a charming land for the tourist, but we are now fast approaching the Mississippi. The City of LaCross which seemed to be all lumber wharves, is on the bank of this river. At LaCross Junction we slowly moved over an immense bridge constructed across the Father of Waters. I felt a peculiar sensation whilst gazing up and down, having never before seen this famous river. At least a dozen steamboats were in sight, all having the two funnels and stern wheel so characteristic of Western navigation. Just below in the not very clear water, propelling his way was a huge turtle, he seemed anxious to hide himself underneath the bridge. Our course for the greater part of the forenoon lay along the western bank, on Minnesota territory. The scenery all around was beautiful. A high bluff rose above on our left, below us on our right flowed the shining waters, the country looked new, many spots were settled and although every hut was apparently pitched on a side hill, there were many evidences of thrift and prosperity. Soon we were on the shores of Lake Pepin, a beautiful expansion of the Mississippi, surrounded by high hills everywhere excepting that part of the shore through which our route lay. Passing Lake City and several other collections of houses, each designated by the imposing title of "City," the now thickly settled, rich looking country formed a marked contrast to the early morning's experience in the wilds of Wisconsin. I had read of many accidents happening to the river boats through the foolish habit of racing, would not have been surprised had I te day witnessed a race between

some of the many boats we passed, but was not aware that opposition railway lines on the banks of this river, were tainted with the same evil practice, yet such seemed to be the case. There are many rival lines in the Western States, but nowhere does a spirit of rivalry exist with more bitterness than that which exists between the Chicago, Milwaukee and St Paul Railway and the Chicago, St Paul and Minneapolis Railway; names nearly alike and running nearly the same route, both running on to Minneapolis. There are other branches of both these lines running in different directions, but just here they particularly interfere with each other. Near Minnesota City these tracks run parallel at a distance of only about fifty feet apart. All at once we seemed to be going at a rapid rate and several screeches of the whistle announced that something unusual was up. I looked out and found ourselves running side by side with a train of the opposite company's. At first we gained on them, then they put on more steam, and we could hear the loud hurrahs as first one and then the other drew ahead. Finally one train drew in at one side of a small station, while the other thundered in at the opposite side, not more than fifty yards behind, after a race of some miles. All appeared interested, no one seemed to have any fear of consequences. Soon we left the Mississippi, again to come upon it at St Paul which is built upon its right bank. St Paul is the capital of Minnesota. It proved the middle of the afternoon when we entered this city from whence we were to take the St Paul and Pacific Railroad to Breckenridge and Fisher's Landing, at which last place our journey by rail would end. Having two or three hours to spare, some of the Canadians and myself, took a walk around to see the sights of the city. I expected to find this place much larger. There is in reality only one imposing street, the remainder of the town looked not unlike a large scattered village. It boasts a fine new bridge across the Mississippi, and contains some elegant public buildings, chief of which is the State House, but a glance at any city is not sufficient to impress one with a very correct opinion of its merits. Not many miles up the Mississippi occur the falls of St Anthony not remarkable for beauty, and in another direction only seven miles from here tumbles the beautiful little fall, Minnehaha, (Indian for laughing water.) After getting tired of strolling about the streets, we stepped into a restaurant and ordered supper. We were strongly advised to stay in St Paul over night, a vivid picture of Fisher's Landing and its bad accommodations was presented to us our informers telling us that amongst other evils the small pox was raging there. We disregarded these warnings and determined to move along as rapidly as possible. Again we stepped on board a railroad train and in twenty minutes were in Minneapolis. Perhaps my eyes deceived me but Minneapolis appeared to be a city fully the equal of St Paul. As darkness approached we were driving through a thinly settled but finely wooded country, abounding in large lakes and lacustrine rivers. This I believe to be near the place where a few years ago the Sioux Indians committed their depredations. In connection with this the story of Miss Ann Young's captivity and escape, so graphically related in the American papers at the time, forced itself on my mind, and fancy pictured the dim shadows in the dark woods as we rapidly passed them as so many skulking Indians. Afterwards I obtained some photographs of these same Sioux and must confess their appearance is anything but prepossessing.

JUNE 15. About half past three o'clock in the morning, I was standing on the platform of the hindmost car, and looking off on the real prairie ocean, and mentally comparing the level, green, grassy sea, which extended as far as the eye could reach, unbroken by shanty, tree or hummock, to the salt ocean I had so

often crossed; not a living thing was to be seen in any direction. This part of the prairie was low and wet which accounted for there being no settlers. On each side of the road they had dug trenches, the sward and loom having been used for raising the track. These trenches were full of water. All the soil about here was of a rich black colour but was too wet for agricultural purposes. As the train passed over the sleepers, mud and water oozed out from between them, and the motion in the cars felt somewhat similar to the motion of a cart rolling over a bog or marsh. After a time we passed a few mud huts and scattered droves of cattle. These huts were generally not over six feet high, mere rough board shanties thatched with a mixture of the long prairie grass and mud. This part of Minnesota looked miserable indeed, a regular wet meadow, the grass did not average more than six inches high, and in some places it was too wet for anything to grow. I expected to find Breckenridge quite a town, having read something of the place in a certain traveller's book, but was disappointed; it is merely a collection of miserable shanties. From this place to Fisher's Landing the distance is 121 miles. We next crossed several branches of the Red River, on one of these branches called the Buffalo River, is situated the town of Glyndon. This town is a great improvement on Breckenridge, and here the St Paul and Pacific connects with the Northern Pacific Railroad. We next passed the Wild Rice River and soon after arrived at Crookston on the Red Lake River, twelve miles above Fisher's Landing. The banks of all these rivers are steep and well wooded, their courses marking curious serpentine valleys across the otherwise level prairie. When on the prairie you see a long line of bushes, be sure there is a river or creek running beneath them and the long line of trees marks the course of the stream. Fisher's Landing is situated on the Red Lake River, forty five miles from its junction with the Red River as marked by its crooked windings, but only twelve miles by land. At one o'clock we found ourselves in the village and at the end of our journey by rail. This collection of shanties is built low down the sloping bank and close by the muddy river which eddies and whirls by at the rate of four knots per hour. It is surrounded by immense cottonwood trees, one of which I noted in particular is fully fifteen feet in circumference. What a hard looking place this is. I am told that for its size there is no worse to be found in the Western States. The land is composed of sticky mud two or three inches deep, and, except in very dry weather, this mud adheres to your feet like glue. Imagine a couple of clumps of shanties separated by a mud puddle, one clump containing fifteen huts the other about ten. At least two of these huts are designated Hotels, one on each side of the puddle. I succeeded in getting accommodation at the so called North Western Hotel, a dirty shanty run by a villainous-looking landlord, although he appeared refined when compared to the landlord of the Manitoba. Every shanty hereabouts was soon filled with Canadians. Opposite the station lay the Dakota, the steamer that was to convey us down the Red River. I strolled on board and was completely disgusted with her dirty appearance, she was of the Mississippi kind, two funnels, stern-wheeled, flat bottomed and setting high out of water. Machinery and cordwood, boxes loose wheat, mud and corners filled with filth of all descriptions seemed to occupy the whole space on the lower deck, yet here was to be stowed away upwards of eighty passengers. On the upper deck was accommodation for a few who were expected to pay an extra ten dollars for the privilege of being allowed to travel in the so-called saloon, which was only fit to be compared to a collier's fore-castle. Yet there was no help for it, we must spend two or three days on board this dirty hulk.

The twenty-five shanties constituting the village of Fisher's Landing includes two Billiard Saloons, two Hotels, Bakery, Meat Market, several Grog shops and a Railroad Station, with the exception of the latter owned and occupied by a most villianous set of people, collected from the hardest crowds hereabouts for the purpose of making money by hook or by crook. Robberies were frequent last summer, this season travellers are comparatively safe as the ringleaders were seized and lodged in the States Prison. I made a bargain with the landlord for my meals and bed. The steamer was to leave to-morrow afternoon consequently, I required three meals and one nights lodging for which I paid \$1.25. This is the cheapest fare at Fisher's Landing, they want more if they can get it but no one will drop below the above figures. There happened this evening accidents and incidents enough to fill a column in a newspaper, indeed I a fewwards saw some of them in the *Winnipeg Free Press*. A boy slipped off the greasy bank and was drowned in spite of our efforts to save him. The train in shunting ran over a pig and killed it, but the excitement of the evening was a rough and tumble fight between the two bullies of the place for the championship. This row became general after a while, including women and even children; about this time there was considerable hair flying in the wind. I am sorry to add that the father of the drowned boy immediately got drunk and remained so all night. We (an emigrant and myself,) were shown a wretched bed in a room where walls, ceiling and floors were built of rough boards, and now for the first time the small-pox alarm affected us. We hunted up the landlord and talked the matter over with him; he declared it had not been in his house but had been at the Manitoba across the puddle. Still we were not satisfied and did not undress, but laid on the bed with our revolvers ready at hand.

JUNE 16. Sunday, but who would think it should he happen to be out of his reckoning. The deck hands are loading the steamboat, navvies work all day on the track; one train arrived and another departed as on a week day, rails are being torn up and laid down again. Blacksmiths are at work in their shops, the stores are all open and trade flourishing. Both Billiard saloons are in full blast, and I regret to say, some of our Canadians spent most of the day in these dens of iniquity. There is no Sabbath recognised in Fisher's Landing. God's name is only heard in blasphemy, and I find this sink of corruption even more wicked than reported. I remember reading an account of this place in a New Brunswick paper, as reported by a correspondent but the half was not told. When the American Pembina Branch is completed through to Emerson, Fisher's Landing will relapse into a howling wilderness, and the rush of the muddy Red Lake waters will no more be seen by the emigrant to Manitoba. At 2 P. M. we all went on board the steamer, which immediately got under weigh, and a feeling of relief came over many of us as a sharp bend in the river, hid this Sodom on a small scale from our sight. After steaming five hours over the crooked course of the Red Lake River, we entered the Red River at Grand Forks. Grand Forks village is on the Dakota side, and is of very recent growth, most of the buildings were erected this spring. The houses had a neat and clean appearance, and were much superior every way to the shanties at Fisher's Landing. As at the latter place the people had been hard at work all day. Whilst the hands were unloading freight I betook myself on shore and found a splendid dry prairie all around. I believe Grand Forks from its commanding position will yet be a city with a splendid farming country in the rear. Many Canadians are settling here, great inducements are

held out to them by American land agents, and Manitoba comes in for a large share of misrepresentation. Once more we are under weigh and steaming at a rapid rate down the river, with a three or four knot current in our favour, splendid weather to-day.

JUNE 17. Last night was clear and beautiful. The sleeping accommodation was miserable, so jumping on the deck of a barge we were towing. I enjoyed the ghostly scenery and silent solitude of a great river in the far west. Save what noise the steamer made, no sound broke the stillness of the night. The river banks were well wooded, tall trees flung their shadows far out on the still waters, yet we knew that one hundred yards or so beyond the banks on either side, the great prairie stretched for hundreds of miles. The morning broke clear and beautiful. At 2 P. M. hauled in at Fort Pembina for the steamer's permit; half an hour later our baggage was being overhauled by the officials at Fort West Lynne. As the boat crossed the 49th parallel (well marked here by boundary posts,) a party of Canadians got in the bow of the barge and gave three rousing cheers for the Queen and Dominion of Canada. At four o'clock I landed at Emerson whilst the Dakota pursued her course down the river. Put up at the Ontario House, a large unfinished building kept by a Mr Martin, formerly of Goderich, Ont. This village, almost the only one between Fisher's Landing and Winnipeg was still a disappointment. Where we expected to see some form of a rising city, there are only a few scattered buildings. Standing on the bank above the Ferry Landing the whole settlement is in full view. Close to the boundary line on the American side stands a solitary house, marked on the map of Minnesota as St Vincent, I suppose this house represents a township of that name. Between it and where I stand lies Emerson. After counting several times I find this result; Three Meeting-houses, Two Hotels, (Ontario and the Hutchinson.) School house, (10x12,) and 47 other buildings of all descriptions, including two or three stores, with a supposed population of three hundred, and this comprises the City of Emerson. In vain I looked for the Park, the Railroad Station, Dominion Street, Saskatchewan Street and the hundred and one other streets so elaborately laid off on the map of Emerson and brazenly exhibited to the Gulls of Halifax last winter. In disgust I waded through the scrub oak bushes, which extend to the very door of the Hotel, and amused myself studying the characters in the bar-room.

JUNE 18. The sun was high in the Heavens when I awoke this morning having had a long refreshing sleep, and feeling in a better state of mind I became more reconciled to this spot in the wilderness. A smart walk gave me an appetite for breakfast, which was a very good one with the exception of the green tea slop we were forced to drink. The water in Emerson is bad, the soil being impregnated with alkali, causes the water to be very hard and taste somewhat like a weak dose of Epsom salts. Green tea I cannot endure at any time but the taste is horrible when steeped in this abominable water. At noon I crossed the river and walked to Fort West Lynne expecting to meet a boat for Winnipeg but none came. Returning to Emerson I hunted up Mr Fairbanks the proprietor of those Emerson lots sold in Halifax last spring. He is a J. P. and pleaded a lawsuit as an excuse for not going with me to point out the exact spot where our lots lay, but pointed instead to a house in the distance, back of which was the graded track of the Pembina Branch Railway, two hundred yards from this, at right angles with the track I would stand on No. 9 block. I went to the place indicated and, if right, the lots of Block 9 stand near the edge of a deep

swail, called here a slew. As near as I could guess by reference to a map of the City, the remaining ninety lots sold in Halifax lie in this slew, and are covered three or four feet deep every spring by the water of the Red River, even now after the weather being dry so long one cannot cross this rut without wading knee deep in mud and water. The whole affair is plainly a fraud. My landlord laughed when I returned and said if I could find one responsible person in Emerson, who would give Mr F. a good name, he himself would make me a present of a first-class town lot. It is needless to add I did not try. The day was very warm, the thermometer registering 85 degrees in the shade, my clothes were wet through with perspiration and I was obliged to change them.

JUNE 9. This morning I again crossed over to West Lynne. This is the Hudson Bay Fort that was seized by the Fenians, in the raid of 1871. Half way between this fort and the ferry landing stands the half breed shanty that sheltered Governor McDougall when he was driven from Manitoba, it is now deserted. As American boats were not allowed to receive passengers on the British side of the line when bound down the river, I of course was compelled to cross into Dakota territory so as to secure my passage. For the convenience of passengers the boat always stops at West Lynne (which is close to the boundary line,) moored in such a manner that whilst her bow lies in British Territory a passenger can jump aboard aft from the Dakota shore. For these reasons I have already made several useless trips across the ferry. However, I made the acquaintance of F. P. Brady Esq. J. P. and Collector of Customs who kindly telegraphed to Grand Forks and received an answer that there would be no boat down to day. He confirmed the accounts I had previously heard concerning Mr Fairbanks, and pronounced the whole affair a sell. Mr. B. kindly invited me to visit his farm, lying about one mile below Emerson. Returned to the village. On mentioning Mr B's name was informed that he was the principal man of the place and took a great interest in its prosperity, also that he was the owner of the South Emerson lots. After tea I walked over to his farm and found him at work in his garden. The land about here was rather low but of excellent quality. One wheat field extended nearly half a mile in length by several hundred yards in breadth. The crop looked splendid, stood fully fifteen inches high and was well stooled and thrifty. Several other smaller patches did not look nearly so well, as the land was too wet. His house though small was snug and nicely furnished. Thanking Mr. B for his kindness I returned to my quarters at the Ontario. Have walked so much that my feet are swelled and sore and blistered.

JUNE 20. The steamer Keewatin, a little boat running on the British end of the river, called here early this morning, and as here was a chance at last to get to Winnipeg, I embraced the opportunity. In about an hour after stopping she was under weigh again. This proved a terrible slow boat, but the current was in our favour, and the weather being real fine we did not care how slow she was. The banks below Emerson were almost bare of wood, here and there a scattered oak or poplar was about all the sign of timber to be seen. Grass-thatched huts of the half-breeds, occasionally appeared in view as we turned a sharp bend in the river, and although but sparsely settled, signs of inhabitants were far more frequent than observed further up in American Territory. At dark we were within thirty miles of our destination and had passed the Grand Rapids (so-called) they are not very formidable.

JUNE 21. Arrived at Winnipeg at about 3 a. m. After a good breakfast on board, I succeeded in finding several of the Ontario men who were passengers by the Dakota. As they were staying at the Pioneer House, I also agreed to put up there, preferring to be in the company of those with whom I was slightly acquainted, to being a perfect stranger in a better house. The Pioneer was an inferior hotel and over crowded. The proprietor was a Canadian by birth but had moved here from California. Several other Californians boarded with him. All the hotels in Winnipeg are very much crowded, many go out every day but their places are soon filled. The Dakota brought ninety passengers, and this morning the Minnesota arrived with eighty more and this influx has been kept up since early in the spring. Board in Winnipeg is five dollars per week, or from one dollar to two fifty per day. Wrote my first letter home and in the evening witnessed a game of LaCrosse on the Prairie. The young bloods of Winnipeg very much resemble the bloods of other cities and are fully the equals of anybody else's counter-jumpers, certainly they cannot be to the manner born, but must be late importations.

JUNE 22. Arose early this morning and started on a bee line for a long walk directly in the rear of the city. As far as I wandered droves of cattle and horses were scattered over the plain, which was dotted with the wig-wams of Indians and tents of the half-breeds and fur traders. Around many of these tents was collected a more or less number of the peculiar Red River carts. I have seen it stated that not a particle of iron entered into their composition, but such cannot always be the case, for many of these had iron tiers and boxes banded with the same metal. Still many of them did appear to be composed wholly of wood. Afternoon I visited the Market, Fire Engine House, Fort Garry and several other places of interest. Towards evening a thunder storm swept over the city, and turned the black baked mud of the streets into a nasty sticky mass that clung in lumps to the soles of one's boots and made walking almost impossible. What must be the condition of these streets during the wet weather of spring? Main St. is fully 130 feet wide, being the widest street I know of. The side-walks are built [as is usual in Western mushroom towns,] of plank, raised about a foot above the street. In Winnipeg the planks are oak and wear very smooth. When wet the sidewalks are very slippery and pedestrians get many a fall, the sticky mud being almost as bad as grease, and far more dangerous, because you cannot avoid it, than orange peel on the London sidewalks. I find by referring to tables that the distance from Halifax to Winnipeg via Chicago is as follows:—

From Halifax to River DuLoup,	559 miles.
“ River DuLoup to Quebec,	126 “
“ Quebec to Montreal,	172 “
“ Montreal to Detroit,	564 “
“ Detroit to Chicago,	284 “
“ Chicago to St. Paul,	409 “
“ St. Paul to Breckenridge,	217 “
“ Breckenridge to Fisher's Landing	121 “
“ Fisher's Landing to Winnipeg (via river.)	550 “
	<hr/> 3002 “

JUNE 23. Sunday, weather very warm. As I fancied my appearance was shabby, did not attend church. Took a walk in the evening to Kildonan, two or three miles down the river, and got awfully tormented by mosquitoes.

JUNE 24. Early this morning with a lunch in my pocket I was marching alone across the prairie. Reached Buffalo Park, about 6 miles from the town, and halted for a rest. Here they intended celebrating Dominion Day with horse races, base ball, etc. (Afterwards the races ended in a fizzle.) Walked on for an hour or two longer and it being very warm I became thirsty and concluded to shape my course to the south, where I knew the Assinaboine River flowed. Reached the river at two o'clock, but the water was so warm and muddy, and disagreeable to the taste, that it did not seem to satisfy my thirst, although I drank immoderately. Turned my steps homeward and got there in time for supper, every stitch of me being soaked with perspiration. The heat was almost insupportable, and an umbrella that I carried was worse than useless. Calculated I had walked thirty miles to day. In the evening a heavy thunder storm came over from the east.

JUNE 25. The morning was dull and chilly, a sudden change from yesterday's heat. The cool north wind seemed to blow direct from Lake Winnipeg, where the ice seldom disappears till June. The streets are wet and muddy and the Prairie so wet that I did not undertake a proposed walk. A party of land hunters came in drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, having lost themselves yesterday on the prairie and only found their way back by accidently striking a spot where the men of the Canadian Pacific had been at work. Towards evening the sun shone out and the weather was delightful.

JUNE 26. Crossed over the Red River in the steam ferry. Passing St. Boniface Cathedral and the Catholic Mission, nearly a mile from the ferry, I struck the bank of the little River Seine. The channel of this stream was filled with rafts of timber, and at its mouth stands a steam saw mill. Soon I came upon the track of the C. P. R. or rather the Pembina branch of the C. P. R. which unites with the main line opposite Shellkirk, 20 miles further down. Soon after I found myself at the end of the track, so far as it is laid with sleepers up river towards Emerson. On the face of a very broad sleeper close by the only culvert I saw, was a painted inscription, shewing that in this sleeper were driven the first two spikes of the C. P. R. by their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, Sep. 29., 1877. Returned at noon. Thermometer to day ranged from 82 to 85 degrees in the shade.

JUNE 27. Very hot weather, Thermometer at noon 90 degrees in the shade. Thinking it too warm to travel under such a broiling sun, I concluded to stay indoors and occupy the time writing up this journal. A few extra remarks here may not be out of place. These remarks refer to the City of Winnipeg and Province of Manitoba in general. I wish I possessed the ability to describe the country as I saw it with its beautiful rolling prairies, carpeted with flowers, roses, lillies, French marigolds, blue bells, blue astors and a great variety of other handsome species, unknown to the writer, who is no Botanist, stretched all around me, as I wended my weary way across the almost boundless plain. I had read much of the splendid effects of the floral landscape, but to realize what a prairie in full bloom is like, one must see it for themselves. To witness any of these beauties you must travel some miles from Winnipeg, as the plain all round the city is cropped close by numerous droves of horses and im-

mense herds of cattle. A stranger landing here at midnight (as he generally does) after getting safe through the mud to the shore, may stumble against almost any building he chooses, and can hardly fail to find himself knocking at the door of an hotel or boarding house. All Emigrants to Manitoba are ticketed to Winnipeg. They come in at the rate of from two to five hundred per week, consequently numerous as the hotels are, they all seemed to be packed, and I have seen new arrivals trying to get accommodations at half a dozen in succession before finding one that could make room for them. The following is a list of the principal hotels. I was very careful in making out this list, so as to include all the respectable hotels of Winnipeg, and leaving out all petty boarding houses. I do not mean cheap boarding houses, (which name I think is applicable to any of our City small fry,—hash and bed bugs for \$2.50 per week,) for there is no such thing in Manitoba:—

Windsor House,	Hotel Du Canada,	Commercial Hotel,
Revere House,	Pioneer House,	Crown's Hotel,
British Hotel,	Dominion Hotel,	International Hotel
Dufferin Hotel,	Rossin House,	Merchants' Hotel,
Albion Hotel,	Davis House,	Gable Hotel,
Brouse Hotel,	Union Hotel,	Garry Hotel,
Grand Central Hotel,	Orrilla House,	Pacific Hotel.

The Pacific is said to be the best in the city, board 12 dollars per week. The above is considerable of a list for a small town of five or six thousand inhabitants (Winnipeggers claim eight thousand) yet they are all of them well patronized and apparently doing a good business. Americans admit that Winnipeg is the smartest little city in the North West. The following is an extract from a letter written by an American gentleman, under date, Winnipeg June 1878:

"Winnipeg claims some eight thousand inhabitants. It is a solid looking town, different altogether from the mushroom growth of our Western Prairies. Many of the buildings are of brick three and four stories high. The brick is of a superior quality, very much like Milwaukee brick. There are two or three architects doing a thriving business, and to them in no small degree is due the substantial look of the city." The same writer adds, "I find Manitoba a thriving Province and rapidly filling up with a superior class of emigrants seemingly more intelligent and better provided in the way of capital than those coming into our Western States." As far as my powers of observation go, I can heartily endorse the above opinion. Let us bear in mind the total disregard of the Sabbath in the Western States. The gambling tendencies of the squatters who move farther and farther west as civilization advances. The knife and revolver so freely used on the slightest pretext. Then compare the relations existing between the Indian and American pioneer with those of the Canadian settler and the tribes across the British border. You will also see in Manitoba the Sabbath observed as well as in Puritan New England, or Presbyterian Nova Scotia, and fewer of those characters who require to carry arms for protection. Still I believe there is a great deal of fraud about Winnipeg. Ring speculators seem to have control of the city and even of the Dominion lands. I dare say this last statement may be disputed, but any one who feels inclined to do so should try to go through the mill themselves. Should they undertake this, probably they would see many an emigrant enter the Dominion Lands

office, asking for and receiving a list of unoccupied sections, half sections, or quarter sections of the Townships 6, 8 or 10 and in Ranges v, vi or xii, East or West, as the case may be. Perhaps these lots are situated on the Scratching River, forty miles South, or perhaps they are on the Little Saskatchewan, or Riding Mountain, or Pimbinaw Mountain, 100 to 150 miles away. The emigrant takes the list furnished him of unoccupied sections and goes out to examine them. Of course, if any of these consist of swamp or scrub bushes (generally poor land besides being hard to plough) or where water cannot be found, he will pass them by and search until he finds a good high rolling prairie section, where water is to be had. Such a farm he concludes will suit him, then after, perhaps, three or four weeks of the hardest kind of tramping, if fine, under a broiling sun; if it rains, soaked to the skin, he again enters the Land office with his mind fully made up. Seeing the poor fellow is a good judge of land, they question him as to the quality of the soil of the different sections he has visited and afterwards inform him that his particular choice has been taken up during his absence. How is it these speculators never own any poor land, and how is it that it is impossible for an emigrant to get a good farm unless he buys of them? My humble opinion is, that whenever a poor emigrant finds a good spot of land and describes it as such at the Land office, he will always find it taken and that by the same parties who question him, having made up their minds to do so while he is talking. Soon after, I doubt not, it will appear in some lawyer's or land agent's office window, marked at a price high enough to realize a profit of three or four hundred per cent. One poor fellow who boards in this house has had his choice "taken" for the fourth time. The man is disgusted and is about to return to Ontario. The emigrant of means who comes out here can hardly get clear of Winnipeg without leaving some hundreds of his dollars behind. Here he must buy his farming implements and agricultural machinery, which costs a fearful price in this country. It is no use trying to farm out here unless one has a full fit out. Costly as these things are, they can be bought at a less price in Winnipeg than the freight added to the original cost would amount to should the farmer buy in Ontario. As a sample of high freight rates, I shall record a hard case that came under my observation: One evening, when lounging around, I strayed into the Red River Transportation Co.'s office, where sat a widow lady and her boy, a half grown youth. They had lately arrived from Canada. The old lady had been silly enough to pack her furniture and some household goods and ship them here via the Lakes and Duluth. The freight on the same amounted to fifty-one dollars and a half; far more (as she said) than the goods were worth. She offered them the whole stock, but they insisted on a cash payment in full; otherwise the goods would be sold and she sued for the balance. She paid them all the money she possessed (twenty-seven dollars) and said she would have to wait for her other sons to come and help her out of her difficulty. And this is an American monopoly, allowed to grind British subjects on British territory. Many persons get so cheated, and consequently disgusted, that they curse the country and go home. One man in particular had brought his wife and little ones and two car-loads of furniture besides other effects; the freight on which cost fifty-five dollars. In less than a month he sold all his effects for an amount of not more than seventy-five dollars and returned to the place he came from. A certain grouty Scotch Canadian, named McGinnis, did nothing all the time he remained here but swear at the country and the Mackenzie Government. After making a good deal of fun for the rest of us he skedaddled back to the land of dirty

butter. On the other hand, many Canadian emigrants seem to be well satisfied with the change, and are sanguine as to the future of the Province. These parties generally buy their land from the speculators at rates of from \$400 to \$2,000 per farm. Those who came here and settled in Winnipeg with the object of preying on other settlers are doing well. The barber charges the traveller fifty cents for trimming him up, or if he wants his head shingled alone, thirty-five cents. The money lender receives twelve per cent interest on his money, and must have that secured by approved security. The beer saloons (and they are numerous) charge fifteen cents per drink, and if you lay down a quarter you get no change. Indeed, it is hard to get change in any store in the town. Books, envelopes and stationery are sold at enormous prices, and the *Manitoba Free Press*, a very small sheet, brings five cents per copy. This is the only daily, it and the *Weekly Standard* are the only newspapers printed in Manitoba. I have just seen the first copy of the *Saskatchewan Herald*, printed away up on the Great Saskatchewan, 700 miles from Winnipeg, at a new settlement named Battleford, near the junction of the Saskatchewan and the Battle River. Ready made clothing, cotton prints and dry goods in general sell nearly as cheap as in the Lower Provinces. Tea is retailed at sixty cents per lb. and groceries generally sell at about a third higher than in the Eastern Provinces. The 21st June witnessed the arrival of the first circus ever seen on the Red River. This was the enterprising Dr. Hager's Paris Circus (now defunct). It was literally a one-horse concern, there being only a single horse connected with the establishment. The whole affair was a sorry performance, and the managers have come to sudden grief, having been seized and lodged in jail for debt. Many roughs followed in their train. The other evening a man was knocked down in the street and robbed of his watch and purse by a couple of these characters. Winnipeg also supports a Variety Theatre of the lowest description and a Music Hall. The Variety Theatre is situated opposite our hotel and the noise is unendurable, when late at night, after long hours tramping, we endeavor to snatch a few hours' sleep. Main Street is the chief feature of Winnipeg, commencing at Fort Garry it runs the whole length of the town. The principal buildings are three and four stories high, and are built of a very handsome yellow brick of an extra fine quality, manufactured in the vicinity. The City Hall and Fire Engine House would be no disgrace to a much larger city. Winnipeg boasts of two steam fire engines, new and in first class order. The stores in general are superior to anything of the kind in Halifax except those on Granville or Hollis Streets, and many of them equal even these. The market house is not large, but is new, clean and neat. The display of vegetables for this time of the year was very good; but the meat stalls made a poor show. The butchers don't seem to understand their business properly. The meat was badly butchered and wretchedly carved. The beef was fat, although they do not stall feed cattle in this Province. These extensive prairies around Winnipeg furnish the material to make good beef without the aid of grain. I hold the opinion that two or three experienced butchers from the East, possessing some capital, would do well here and soon control the whole meat trade of Winnipeg. I imagine cattle can be bought here fully as cheap as in the Eastern Provinces, and am inclined to think that ere long the Great Prairies of the North West will furnish the cheapest beef in the Dominion. The city contains several nice little churches, plainly built and small it is true, yet they suit very well just now. Gradually the growing city will require larger and more substantial edifices. The people are not Sabbath-breakers. Methodists, Episco-

pallians, Presbyterians and Catholics can find churches of their own denomination if they wish to attend the services, and a hearty welcome is extended to all strangers. The water of Winnipeg, like all the Manitoba water I have been obliged to use so far, is very bad, and physics a stranger almost to death. It is very hard and tastes strongly of alkali. The water of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers do not physic one as they contain no medicinal properties but the taste is sickening being both warm and very muddy. However, in winter when Jack Frost is king, the water becomes clear and fit for use. A regular business is done in Red River water for washing purposes, an ox team and driver, the cart filled with barrels of water selling for twenty-five cents per barrel, is called in derision the Winnipeg Water Works and photographs of the same can be procured at any saloon. These water carts made money at one time, just now there are too many in the business. The farmer stands a poor chance with the traders of Winnipeg. They take his wheat at 45 or 50 cents per bushel, but never pay cash. He must take his pay in goods from the store for which they charge enormous prices. I am told that on Pembina Mountain and elsewhere thousands of bushels of grain are lying in a rotten state, the cost of bringing it to market being more than it is worth. Sometime in the future those Pembina farms will pay handsomely but not until that part of the Province is opened up by rail. The streets of Winnipeg and roads of Manitoba are execrable, mire holes and long stretches of swamp and mud of the blackest hue meets you in every direction. This Spring during the rains many a cart mired on Main Street and some parts of the country was altogether impassable. Even now I often see teams arrive in from the prairie covered with mud and the drivers wet to their knees. Robberies occur often, generally the sufferers are emigrants newly arrived, and oftentimes it is their own fault. They will visit the saloons, get on their beer, fall into bad companionship and the result in many cases is the relieving of their pockets. I met with three men to day, who had been my fellow passengers down in the Dakota nearly two weeks ago. Having travelled over a considerable part of the country since then, without finding a spot to suit their fastidious tastes, they had made up their minds to return home. They gave me an account of their experience camping out on the plains, which owing to neglect in not properly providing themselves with the necessaries of life, was one of hardship and even suffering with the assurance that they would not spend such another fortnight for the best farm in Manitoba.

JUNE 28. Another very hot day. Thermometer at noon 91 degrees in the shade. I spent this day in wandering about town and lounging in shady places. Towards evening a heavy thunder storm broke over us which lasted well into the night.

JUNE 29. A wet dirty day. Thunder and lightning at intervals, streets again plastered with mud and the air much cooler. This must be a land of sudden changes of climate. The wind now blows strong from the north and Icy Lake. Winnipeg has banished the heat of yesterday. Find it disagreeable out of doors and conclude to mark this a lost day.

JUNE 30. Sunday. Went to a Presbyterian church in the forenoon, weather cool and fine with a strong wind from the north. In the afternoon the steamer Manitoba arrived from Fisher's Landing, having in tow a large barge laden with the celebrated McKenzie steel rails. I jumped on board at the Assiniboine or No 4 Landing and sailed round to No 6 on the Red River. Was curious enough to examine these rails. If these are a fair sample, they have been sadly

misrepresented; none of them being rusty or warped by the sun, as has been reported.

JULY 1. This day was celebrated by Winnipeggers in honour of the Union of the British North American Provinces, generally known as Dominion Day. A salute from the Volunteer Artillery; a Base Ball match; a La Crosse match, which ended in a fight and any number of drunks comprised the days proceedings. The Rev G. M. Grant in "Ocean to Ocean," speaks of the saloons of Winnipeg as notorious. I fancy he would exclaim still more against the saloons of the present day, as in this rapidly growing city, six years must cause quite a developement of the bad as well as the good, yet, if any mortal had good cause to frame an excuse for visiting these dens of iniquity, the stranger in Winnipeg is that mortal. He cannot drink the water of the wells, if he does diarrhoea is the sure consequence, whilst the River water is sickening to his taste. To allay his thirst he strolls into a saloon and calls for a glass of mild ale and well for him if he immediately retires, otherwise he is in danger of forming bad acquaintances and ultimately to drinking something stronger. This day was rather cool with a strong North-West wind, thermometer at noon 82 degrees.

JULY 2. The Dakota arrived to day from the upper villages. Concluded to start for Thunder Bay and Lake Superior to morrow, my intention being to cross Minnesota via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Duluth, thence per Collingwood line of steamers to Thunder Bay where I think of staying a week or so to gather specimens from the mines, thence per steamer to Collingwood, Northern Railroad of Canada to Toronto, Grand Trunk Railway to Portland Me., and rail from thence to Londonderry Station, N. S. with the intention of stopping a few weeks in Five Islands, 80 miles below Great Village and 105 miles from Halifax. This afternoon took my last walk on the Manitoba Prairies. Beautiful weather.

JULY 3 Rose early this morning and after settling my board bill and making a few purchases I found myself once more on board the old Dakota en route to Fisher's Landing. The defrauded members of the defunct Circus Band and a troupe of Bell Ringers, were on board consequently we are to have plenty of music. At half past twelve o'clock the steamer got under weigh and soon a bend in the crooked river hid the capital of the Great North West from view. We steamed up the river at the rate of ten knots per hour and at dark were off the mouth of the Scratching River. This river flows through a rich country, a great deal of the land along its banks is already taken up by settlers. Only this morning a party with teams and luggage left the Pioneer House for this locality intending to make it their future home. I received an invitation to join them and spends a few days in the district, and now regret that I did not delay my departure and go with them. I took into consideration broiling hot sun, under which for days we would have to tramp, and having had some little experience of the same, I declined, yet am sorry I missed this opportunity of examining some of the finest land in the North West. Made the acquaintance of an old fellow from Ottawa who is returning home after having spent 150 dollars and a month's time in trying to find a farm to suit his rather fastidious temperament he had visited Palestine, Pembina Mountain and several other parts of the Province, and describes the Pembina Mountain country as the kidney of the whole. He says Palestine is very fertile as is also this Scratching River and Stinking River district, (Some of these English names are a decided improvement on the old Indian jaw-breakers.) but in general is dissatisfied with the country on

account of the scarcity of timber and fuel, with the poor markets and the greed of the Land Speculators. As the sleeping accommodations on the Dakota are no better than before, I thankfully accepted a buffalo robe kindly offered by my new friend. And now, as it gets dark, the head lanterns are being lighted, while we continue to forge our way through the silent solitude.

JULY 4. Awoke this morning to find ourselves fast approaching Emerson. A short stay here and another at West Lynne, then on to Pembina, where the American officials again overhauled our baggage. Shortly after the British Ensign was taken down and the Stars and Stripes unfurled. At Fort Pembina, Uncle Sam's holiday was honored by a salute of several guns, while our bell-ringers and circus men played the Star Spangled Banner. A few miles below this Boundary Post, I noticed a very big Injun sitting on the Dakota shore, dressed in many coloured feathers and furs; he appeared to be alone, and doubtless his dress was donned in honour of the Day of American Independence. Our circus men and bell-ringers having left us at Pembina, we were now more comfortable as we had more room. Now the cry of man overboard resounded fore and aft! The lumbering steamer backed up as well as she was able, but was so slow about it, that had not the man been able to swim to the shore, he certainly must have been drowned. The folly of poor mechanics and young men going to Manitoba was well exemplified in the several cases now on board. Here are carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, &c., who had spent their last cent getting to this country early in the Spring, and since then had labored on the C. P. R. as navvies, and only now had collected enough to take them back to their Ontario homes. Whatever they might have been once, they were now a half-starved ragged looking set. At 4 P. M., passed the steamer Minnesota on her way down to Winnipeg, and full of passengers. The Banks are nearer to-night, and thickly wooded; and when the lanterns were hung out, one might almost fancy themselves in enchanted ground. The weather to-day was bright and beautiful.

JULY 5. All night the steamer puffed and blowed, forging her way up river in spite of the current. At 10 o'clock we caught a glimpse of Grand Forks Village, and shortly afterwards were working our way up the Red Lake River. This river is quite narrow when compared with the main stream, and as the stern-wheel boats do not answer to their helm very quick, they have to get around the narrow crooked turns by a system called shunting. In descending the river nearly every turn has to be shunted around, but comparatively few in ascending; the current in ascending acting on the steamer in the same manner as the reversed paddle in descending. When within five miles of Fisher's Landing passed the steamer Manitoba loaded down with freight and passengers. These steamboats run very irregular. The Dakota would probably leave for Winnipeg to-morrow; in that case steamers would arrive at Winnipeg three days in succession, and during that time not likely one would depart, but when one did start all would follow suit. It is this system which makes it almost impossible to connect with the Red River boats. At half-past four we arrived at Fisher's Landing, and hurried aboard the cars of the St. Paul and Pacific, which were a little behind time waiting for us. I was not sorry to leave behind me the dirty shanties and beastly inhabitants of Fisher's Landing. We soon climbed the up-grade and were once more rolling at a rapid rate over the level

prairies of Minnesota, which were now dry and carpeted over with beautiful flowers; where only a month before was to be seen short stubby grass peeping through a wet boggy soil. Passing Crookston, we bid farewell to the Red Lake River. This river runs out of the Red Lake, the largest Lake in Minnesota, situated not far from Lake Itaska, the source of the Mississippi. Whilst speaking of rivers and their sources, I must refer to an error of Captain Butler's, in his "Great Lone Land;"—he states that the source of the Minnesota is in Lake Traverse, which also sends its waters through the Red River into Hudson's Bay. His mistake is this:—the Minnesota rises in Big Stone Lake not in Lake Traverse. Big Stone Lake lies to the southward of Lake Traverse,—2 or 3 miles of dry land lies between the two, and just here is the height of land,—therefore Lake Traverse sends none of its waters to the Gulf of Mexico through the Minnesota, connecting with the Mississippi or by any other stream. As Capt. B. does not mention Big Stone Lake, I suppose he was not aware of its existence and confounded the two together. At dusk we were at Glyndon, 76 miles from Fisher's Landing. Glyndon is quite a respectable place; the Buffalo River flows by it,—this is a much smaller stream than the Red Lake; its banks are well wooded. At the station of Ada we had stopped for tea, so that there was no delay in transferring ourselves to the cars of the Northern Pacific. All things being ready we were once more whirled out into the darkness. The weather still bright and beautiful.

JULY 6. As soon as it was light enough to see I noticed a change in the face of the country, which now chiefly consisted of forest; soil, a light grey-red sand, and of poor quality; patches of meadow land were passed occasionally; many fires had raged along the line, giving the country a barren inhospitable look. We crossed the Mississippi (here a small stream), at Brainard, which is built on the Eastern side and a little away from the river. Brainard is the most important place on the Northern Pacific between Glyndon and Duluth; here we breakfasted. The distance between the Mississippi and Lake Superior is about 100 miles; the true distance between Brainard and Duluth is 115 miles; we expected to arrive at the last named town before noon. Nothing worth noting occurred until we arrived at the dalles of the beautiful St. Louis River, within twenty miles of Duluth; here the scenery was grand. The train ran along the side of a high mountain beneath which the St. Louis River flowed in a succession of rapids; this river is the true head water of the whole Lake and St. Lawrence system. At noon we were in Duluth, and being conveyed to a hotel in one of the town busses. At almost every town, so far, I found a Manitoba house, and in general they have good reputations; but, as yet, I had not put up at any of them. This time I tried a Manitoba house and found it one of the meanest in the city; however, did not change my quarters, as I intended staying for dinner and tea only. The steamer Frances Smith, of the Collingwood Line, had not yet arrived, so I stepped into the Agent's office and had a chat with him. After dinner I walked about town picking up information regarding Chicago's great rival. Alas! it is only a small infant,—inferior in size and population to Winnipeg,—and instead of out-stripping Chicago, it has every appearance of a declining place. I soon strolled away along the shores of the Great Lake Superior and went down on the beach, which was a beautiful, gravelly one; and coming to a snug cove, stripped and had my first and perhaps last swim in the greatest body of fresh water on the globe; as a thunder

shower was threatening, I made a hasty retreat back to town. The shower soon passed away, and then I strayed down the long reach of land which runs out from Duluth into the Lake towards Superior City on the opposite shore. This point is cut in two by a channel, through which steamers pass inside; across said channel runs a ferry boat; jumping aboard, I was soon on the extreme point, which is, in reality, an island;—here can be picked up those beautiful pebbles which are cut and put into brooches and rings. When nearly dark, the *Frances Smith* arrived; I immediately went on board, as we would likely leave sometime during the night. The *Quebec*, of the North West Company's Line, was to take nearly all the passengers that had accompanied me so far, and to these fellow-travellers I bid good-bye, and after seeing the *Quebec* off, went to my berth and turned in for the night.

JULY 7.—Sunday. The *Frances Smith* left her wharf at daylight. By-the-by, this is the same steamer that carried Rev. G. M. Grant and party up through the Lakes when on their journey from "Ocean to Ocean" six years ago. This, like the others preceding it, was a beautiful day, and the bosom of the Lake was as smooth as a mirror. I entered into conversation with the first engineer, who was a gentlemanly, clever fellow, and from whom I afterwards got a great deal of information. All the North Shore passed by us to-day presented a splendid scenic view. One cannot help noting the primeval appearance of the whole coast; high cliffs and extensive forests appear to the sight as they would have appeared hundreds of years ago, unbroken by clearing or shanty. This part of the coast is still in Minnesota; but to-morrow we expect to be in Thunder Bay,—once again British Territory,—and where I hope to obtain some of the fine mineral specimens said to be abundant there.

JULY 8. Last night, about midnight, I was seized by a severe pain across the stomach, which grew worse towards morning; it seemed to be an attack of cholera; kindness, good brandy and hot tea brought me around all right again, and in the early morning I was able to go on deck and found ourselves lying at the wharf at Prince Arthur's Landing. My intention had been to spend a week at this place and about Thunder Bay, for the purpose of collecting specimens, as mentioned in last night's entry, but my interest in these matters appeared to be all gone; I only thought of moving along as fast as possible out of the wilderness, fancying I was about to pay for my reckless disregard of the laws of health since entering on this journey, and especially for my foolishness in bathing in the ice-cold waters of Lake Superior. My recollection of Prince Arthur's Landing is very faint, so faint that I can give no description of the place, nor of Thunder Bay. A friend who went ashore brought me off several good specimens of amethyst. After a few hours delay we headed for Silver Islet. Of the appearance of this little Islet I have a perfect recollection, which serves to show that I was improving rapidly; here we landed some supplies. The scenery about Thunder Bay is remarkable for its beauty; its caves, cliffs and islets would delight a landscape painter. Once more we stood out into the Lake and soon Thunder Cape, Isle Royal and the whole Northern Shore faded from our view. The coast of Northern Michigan was faintly to be seen southwardly for a time, then all land disappeared from sight. The sky was bright and cloudless, not a breath of air moving; the bosom of the Lake calm and unruffled as the day before. Who would imagine that sometimes tremendous storms sweep over this

smiling sea? storms to be dreaded as much, if not more, than any I ever passed in my wanderings on the broad and stormy Atlantic. Just before dark we arrived at the Island of Michipocoten; here we only stopped a few moments. The island is very rugged; generally covered with trees; sometimes cliffs and high, bare rocks appear in sight. Bears and other wild animals are said to be numerous. There are two Lighthouses erected at the entrance of the small harbour, which is very intricate. The population consists of three families;— a hunter's, a farmer's, and a fisherman's. Here we landed a surveyor, his men and their kit, and a hard summer's work they have before them. Michipocoten is the largest British Island in Lake Superior, and second only to Isle Royal, which belongs to the Americans.

JULY 9. The distance from Michipocoten to the Sault Ste. Marie is called 120 miles. We had a fine run through the night, and at 9 A. M. entered the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. A new and superior Canal is under construction here which will cost a large sum of money. It seems that delays are considerable; many vessels having to wait a long time for their turn to pass through. We were delayed two hours; but this suited me very well, and I had time to wade into the rapids and gather specimens, and to observe the Indian mode of catching fish, as practised by the Aborigines, also to procure a newspaper at the village which bears the same name as the Sault (pronounced *sog*). There is a Sault Ste. Marie village on the Canadian shore opposite, where, after passing the Canal, we hauled in and where delayed another hour. At noon we were once more on our way down the St. Mary River. After passing this river we entered Lake Huron, and at 6 P. M. hauled in at the Bruce Mines; for some reason these mines are not being worked at present. I went on shore and obtained some good specimens of copper ore. This ore will not bear comparison with that of the Republic Mines in Michigan, of which I have a very fair specimen. Here we wooded up for the last time, and then headed for Great Manitoulin Island, pursuing our course along its northern shore.

JULY 10. I did not feel much like sleeping last night. In the wee sma' hours we put in at Gore Bay, Great Manitoulin Island, where a peculiar character came on board. At daybreak we were at Killarney, a fishing station. Here I had a good opportunity of seeing the different varieties of fish caught in these Lakes, large boxes of which, packed in ice, were being shipped by the Frances Smith to Collingwood, thence to Toronto. After a short delay we again steamed out and down the Georgian Bay, arriving at Collingwood about sunset. Have had nothing but bright, sunny days, and fine, moonlight nights, with beautiful calm weather, since leaving Duluth. At Collingwood I bid good-bye to the Frances Smith, one of the most comfortable boats on the Lakes, and I believe having accommodations far superior to the bragging line that runs from Sarnia. As far as my observation goes, and after listening to the dismal experience of many travellers by the N. W. Trans. Co's Line, I would advise all who are in doubt as to which Line to patronize, to go through the Lakes via the Collingwood Line; the beautiful Island scenery of the North Shore of Lake Huron will be missed by those who travel via the Sarnia boats, which pass through the middle of the Lake and mostly out of sight of land. A bandsman of the defunct circus (who formerly belonged to the band of H. M. 63rd Regt) and who had travelled with us all the way from Winnipeg, was to be my traveller.

ing companion for another day, when he probably would get to his journey's end, having settled himself in St. Catharines. We put up at another Manitoba house (every village within fifteen hundred miles of Winnipeg has a Manitoba house), where we got good, comfortable quarters, and I was entertained during the evening by the narration of the old soldier's courtship in Halifax over 20 years ago. After seeing Collingwood, we turned in and had a good night's sleep.

JULY 11. Up at 4 o'clock, and an hour afterwards was on board cars of the Northern R. R. of Canada. The 96 miles of ground between Collingwood and Toronto was soon passed over. This is a splendid part of the Province of Ontario; on each side of the track stretched rich looking wheat fields, exhibiting the golden grain just ready for the sickle. The only delay was at Annandale and Barrie, where we had a fine view of Lake Simcoe and its new pleasure steamer, — the Lady of the Lake, — crowded with pleasure seekers. Arrived at Toronto at 10 a. m. Put up at the Union House, it being nearest to the station. Having two hours to spare before dinner, I spent the intermediate time in doing King and Younge Streets, the finest in Toronto. After dinner I walked over nearly the whole city; had a glimpse of some fine buildings, including the University, Lunatic Asylum, &c. At 7 p. m. the train from the West came thundering in at Union Station, and jumping on board, we soon left the chief city of Upper Canada far behind.

JULY 12. At eight o'clock this morning we were in Montreal. This is the day of the Orange celebrations, and this is the city where so much trouble is expected. Clusters of rowdyish looking men were gathering at the corners and about the station. One man is just being arrested for having been found with a revolver on his person. I too have one in my pocket, but I am not going to throw it away, so I keep clear of crowds and all officious looking persons, for in half an hour I hope to be *en route* for Portland and placing many miles between me and riot. In even less time the cry of "all aboard!" was heard, and soon we were whirled across the great Victoria Bridge. At Richmond we stopped for breakfast, and I bid good bye to two young men from P. E. Island whom I had met in Toronto on their way to Winnipeg, and who had nothing but their hands to depend on; they had taken my advice and decided to return home where they had good employment still open to them at \$1.25 per diem. At Island Pond, Vt., we dined, and our baggage was again overhauled by American officials. We passed under the foot of the White Mountains. At Goreham, N. H., the traveller views the loftiest peaks east of the Rocky Mountains. Through New Hampshire into Maine. We arrived in Portland at 6.15 p. m., having travelled 630 miles in less than twenty-four hours, reaching our destination just in time to see the International Steamer leave for St. John. Too late! However, I bought a Maine Central R. R. ticket, and this road, connecting with the E. & N. A. R., will be my route to St. John, thence by the Intercolonial to the end.

JULY 13. Last night, about eleven o'clock, went on board the train once more, at the Maine Central Depot. We are passing now through New Brunswick. This route is so familiar to my many acquaintances, that it is needless for me to write more. I expect to be in Five Islands in two or three days. Travelling now through these barrens, over these dull, lifeless railroads, is slow

work in comparison to the splendid Express Line of the G. T. R. I have at least six weeks time to spend yet before I need return to Halifax; that time will be spent in our own Province. I have already spent \$200, and my early return is chiefly caused by not being able to spare the necessary evil for traveling purposes.

I have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the round trip. Aside from the great store of information gathered during my rather much hurried tour through the North Western States, parts of our own North West, the Great Lakes, and Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. I may mention the procuring of many fine mineral specimens, including amethyst from Lake Superior; iron and copper ores from the Michigan Mines; copper ore from the Bruce Mines, North Shore of Lake Huron; and stones from the rapids of the Sault Ste. Marie, picked up as curiosities; also some very fine specimens of pebble, collected on the North Shore of Lake Superior, clear as crystal, and of various colors, many of them grained similar to the heart of fancy wood. I was successful in obtaining somewhere near fifty stereoscopic and photographic views of the Red River, Winnipeg, Lake Superior, and Minnesota scenery. At Great Manitoulin Island I obtained specimens of Indian handiwork, and from the palisades of Fort West Lynne I hacked a memento of the Fenian raid. Samples of prairie loam, gathered hundreds of miles apart, found their way into my valise, together with Western newspapers, samples of wheat, a piece of the flag that floated over Fort Garry, and several other nonensical articles which are of no use or ornament whatever; but the chief thing that pleases me is the stock of information obtained regarding the resources of Manitoba, which I am willing to impart to anyone who has the patience to peruse to the end this faulty and tiresome journal;—I expect anyone who has this amount of patience to be interested enough to ask a few more questions.

To Mr. Peverill I tender my thanks for his kind assistance and encouragement in this undertaking, and only regret that he was not able to accompany me as he intended to do.

H. H. B.